

To Newberry Library

ZUMWALT FAMILY HISTORY

compiled by

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P.O. Box 149,
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Presented 1966 by

Mrs. Otto (Ruth M.) Leppert

4632 N. Leamington Ave.,

Chicago 30, Ill.
(who received it from George Zumwalt)

Her lineage - Jan 1698

I Andrew ^{b. m. 1698} Mary (1) Anna Regina (2) will 1764 (see article #27)

II Jacob (1752-1820) m. (1) Catherine Miller
m. (2) Frances Price

III George (1785-1840) m. Mary Elizabeth Kellebrew (1790-1840+)
(see article #44)

IV their dau, Elizabeth Kellebrew Zumwalt
b. 1815 married David C. Pursley
d. 1875

V their dau, Ruth Pursley
married Bryant A. Thornhill

VI their dau, Bertha b. 1881
mother of

VII Ruth Leppert b. 1909

HONORABLE ANDREW JACKSON & ZUMWALT OF IRVING

The Honorable Andrew Jackson & Zumwalt of Irving disputes the claim of L. L. Whitcomb of Saginaw to the honor of being the oldest office holder in Oregon. "I want to say", said Mr. Zumwalt last week, "that I was elected constable of Eugene precinct in June 1855, holding that office two years and in 1880 I was elected to the Oregon legislature, serving in the house."

Mr. Zumwalt is a pioneer of 1850, having crossed the plains in 1850, with his father and mother, Solomon & Nancy Zumwalt and Nancy Groce. He was 19 when he arrived in Oregon and his life since that time has been spent in the upper Willamette Valley. He has taken a prominent part in the development of this part of the state.

The trip across the plains makes a fascinating tale, as Mr. Zumwalt tells it; I was born in St. Charles County, Missouri in 1832, he said in reminiscence the other day, and was 81 years old the 2nd day of September; On the 5th day of April 1850 our family started for Oregon, I drove the family wagon with three yolk of oxen hitched to it and one yolk of cows; In the wagon were my mother, one brother and six sisters. In looking over my past life, I regard this as the most remarkable position I ever held.

"I shall never forget the dangers and the adventures of that trip. It was my lot in the early part of the trip to recover our stock that had been run off by the Indians and thus to make possible the completion of our trip to the state that was to be our home for the rest of our lives. Between Salt Creek and Platte River all of our cattle were run off during the night. The late Henry Waters of Palouse City, Washington and I found their trail and followed it for 10 miles, recovering all of the animals; Again in the Green River Valley two of my father's oxen disappeared. Father and I trailed them into a deep canyon and found them.

"In the Snake River country the Indians made an attempt to run off all the horses belonging to the train, about 30 head. By sheer luck three of the animals were near camp and were not included in the general stampede, one belonged to me, one to William Pittman and one to Mr. Carrigan. We three mounted and rode after them at full speed. The Indians abandoned the horses and made their escape; Mr. Carrigan had with him on this ride, his seven shot Colt, the same gun that was afterward with him in the Indian fight at Port Orford.

"We spent the winter in the Salt Lake Valley and arrived at The Dalles, 28 May 1851. Our party consisted of 25 men, all armed, and 25 wagons; The women and children were taken down the Columbia river in open boats, arriving in Portland June 1st; My 12 year old brother an aged man and I remained at The Dalles until the 1st of July before we crossed the Cascade Range; We finally made the trip, coming by way of the Barlow Route and arrived in Portland just in time to celebrate the Fourth of July.

"The man I met was a Methodist preacher, Father Wilbur, who was holding a Sunday School picnic. We left the next day for Polk County, and not long after we arrived there an Irishman by the name of John Flynn preached in our neighborhood. I attended and gave him my hand to renew my relations with the Methodist Church. I had joined the South Methodist Church in Missouri in 1848; Soon after we moved to Lane County and I became a charter member of the Eugene Methodist Church organized two miles west of town. Since that time I have never been able to get away from Methodist preachers.

"I served three years in the State Militia of Oregon, during the Civil War. I voted for Abraham Lincoln twice and have been a Republican most of my life, however I voted for Bryan three times and for Wilson once.

"I do not make a positive claim to being the oldest office holder in the State, but I

do know that I am as old as any of them; You may tell Mr. Whitcomb that if he will drop me a card I will be glad to meet him in Eugene and we will have our pictures taken together."

Altho Mr. Zumwalt has seen more than four score years of strenuous and successful endeavor, he is still hale and hearty and active and gets more real pleasure out of live than many people half his age.

(Recopied by W. R. Robertson 25 February 1961)

IRVING OREGON 1911 or 1910

At Irving Wednesday were assembled about 80 persons, representatives of the pioneer Zumwalt family. Those present were from the two branches of the family tree, via Solomon 3 Zumwalt and Isaac 4 Zumwalt, who were cousins. Solomon 3 Zumwalt and his wife Nancy Groce came to Oregon in the year 1851. Of their twelve children who crossed the plains with them seven, Mary C. 5 (Zumwalt) Conrad, Ardelia 5 (Zumwalt) Walker, Lueza 5 (Zumwalt) Potter, Frances 5 (Zumwalt) Hammitt, Matilda 5 (Zumwalt) Warren and Charles W. 5 Zumwalt have combined ages to make a total of 493 years.

Of the Isaac 4 Zumwalt family there were present, himself, his wife and three of his children; The remainder of those present were the grandchildren and great grandchildren and their husbands and wives. A brass band of 11 pieces, seven of which were "tooted" by Zumwalts, discoursed fine music for the occasion and a bountiful dinner of the best turkey and pumpkin pie that was ever served, with all the usual and necessary accessories, was spread before us in the Grange Hall, and it was noticable that no one failed to participate in this part of the program.

A photographer was present who took the crowd after the usual amount of posing was accomplished. Many speeches were made in which the joy of the occasion was aptly expressed and all present voted it one of the happiest events of their lives.

The Zumwalt family began in America about 1729, when the grandfather of Solomon Zumwalt settled in Baltimore and was united in marriage with a young lady from Switzerland. Zumwalt came from Strassburg, Germany. The father of Solomon 3 Zumwalt went to Missouri, near St. Louis in 1800 and from that place Solomon 3 took up the long journey westward to Oregon in June of 1850, getting only as far as Salt Lake that fall. It is certainly marvelous that 60 years after that date, seven of those who shared in the hardships of that journey should meet and exchange greeting, all of them in reasonable good health and able to enjoy the occasion in full. Two of those present Isaac 4 Zumwalt and W. A. Potter are just reaching their 76th birthdays.

Besides those already mentioned, the following were present; E. F. Zumwalt and wife, Lee Zumwalt, Marvin Kelso and wife, Louise Campbell and son Wilbur, Paul Zumwalt, Lynn Zumwalt his wife and son Charles, Alva Bond and wife, Val Bond, Rufus Robertson and wife, John Robertson and wife, John Robertson and family, Will Robertson and wife and daughter Louise, Glen Robertson, Neal Robertson, Laura Frazer and daughter, B. F. Bond and wife, L. H. Potter and wife and two sons, E. O. Potter, Mr. Thomas Gray, Will Seavy and wife, Mrs. Fred Bean, John Hammitt and family, Fannie Barger and two daughters, Victor Hammitt, Calude Hammitt, Grace Hammitt, Isaac Zumwalt and wife, Mrs. Jack Lynch, Clay Zumwalt, Harry Zumwalt, Green Zumwalt and wife, Ross Zumwalt, Wade Zumwalt, Fred Zumwalt and Dale Zumwalt.

Those outside of the family who were present were; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wing, Grandpa Wing, Mr. Bean, Charlie Runyan, Mrs. Florence Boqua, Minnie Parker and George Boqua.

Andrew Jackson 4 Zumwalt was born the 2 September 1832, in St. Charles County, Missouri and died near Eugene Oregon in 1914 age 82 years.

From: A paper in possession of Mrs. Agnes Humphreys, Fall Creek, Oregon 1961

DR. ROCKWELL DENNIS 6 HUNT: MR. CALIFORNIA

Dr. Rockwell Dennis 6 Hunt, "Mr. California" to many, celebrates his 95th anniversary today and he's still going strong! Not only is Dr. Hunt a lifelong Californian, but he has won renown as a teacher, high school principal, university professor and dean, historian, onetime director of the California Historical Foundation, a professor emeritus of California history, and former president of the Conference of California Historical Societies.

He has authored at least 18 books, scores of magazine articles, and currently contributes California historical sketches to the Sunday Knave page of the Tribune. There is seldom a day he isn't at work on some project or other. Only last July he had his latest book published. It is entitled "Personal Sketches of California Pioneers I have Known." Now he has another book before the publishers. This one is called "Boyhood Days of Mr. California." It tells the story of his boyhood life in the 1870's along with the adventures of his four brothers. "I hope to see this published while I'm 95," he says.

Today's birthday party in his honor is taking place in Stockton on the campus of the University of the Pacific. It's a two-part affair. He will start shaking hands with hundreds of friends and acquaintances at 1 p.m. in the Anderson Reception Hall on the Stockton campus. Then at 2:30 p.m. he will withdraw to an invitational dinner in the dining hall of the Women's Dormitory on the campus. The dinner gathering will include members of his family in addition to old-timers who have been exceptionally close to him during the long span of years that now move him close to the century mark.

Although Dr. Hunt is of the unique generation that has seen so much technological progress within his lifetime, he seldom refers to himself as a pioneer. To him the pioneers are his mother and father, and all those others who crossed the plains to California via covered wagon and those who sailed into San Francisco Bay by ship during those two decades before his birth.

It was on February 3, 1868, that Dr. Hunt first saw the light of day in a house on Sacramento's K street - hardly a stone's throw from the capitol building. His mother was Nancy Ann 5 (Zumwalt)(Cotton) Hunt. His father, Dennis Rockwell Hunt. Mrs. Hunt had come to California with her sick young husband and the Zumwalt family from Indiana. The ailing husband was Alexander Cotton. She lost him almost on the eve of their arrival here and buried him in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

In California she met the young bachelor farmer Dennis Rockwell Hunt. They were married in 1855 and eventually established the 500 acre Hunt ranch on the east banks of the Sacramento River at Freeport.

BOYHOOD DAYS

It was on this Freeport farm that Dr. Hunt spent most of his boyhood. There he learned to swim, wade, fish and go boating, milk cows, ride horses, watch steamboats, schooners and barges, pick up driftwood and eye the wild geese, pelicans, sandhill cranes and swans. For three brief years 1877-1880 the Hunt family lived in Napa, but they were back at Freeport in 1880 and there young Rock Hunt finished grammar school. There he adhered to the family rules that "children should be seen and not heard", "clean your boots and shoes before entering the house", "take off your hat ... keep your shirt-tail in ... comb your hair before meals and wash your hands and face ... always say Mister when speaking of a male adult". To have called him by his first name was improper. During young Rock Hunt's residence in Freeport the population never exceeded 100 persons, he estimates. The Freeport men he remembers best are blacksmith Tom Kirtlen, shoemaker Andy Greer, postmaster Phil G. Rhiel, farmer Joe Gosling and carriage maker Jim Lee.

LITTLE? NOT QUITE

"Freeport might have been a little place on the map, but it has always been a big place to me," he avers. When Rock Hunt finally left home he entered Napa Collegiate Institute, and later Napa College from where he graduated in 1890. Three years at John Hopkins University in Baltimore won him a Ph. D. degree. When he returned here after graduation in Baltimore he wed Nancy Stuart, a college classmate at Napa.

His first teaching job was at the University of the Pacific in San Jose, which had swallowed Napa College in a merger. Next he became principal of San Jose High School and from there went south to the University of Southern California where he was dean of the graduate school when he retired in 1945 and was given a title of dean emeritus. He was then 77. From the College of the Pacific in Stockton came an invitation to become professor emeritus in American history. The other posts followed; director of the California History Foundation and president of the Conference of California Historical Societies.

"It seems unreasonable to think of myself as an old person," he says. "I have not lost my enthusiasm, I am challenged daily with interests that engage my thinking even to the ends of the earth ... "Of this I am resolved: that while it is yet day I shall not dwell always in the receding past, but shall continue to rejoice in the spirit of youth, inviting perennial springtime to find its dwelling place in my soul."

Three of his sons and their wives will be in attendance at today's celebration. They are Paul A. Hunt and Imogen of Oakdale, Lloyd F. Hunt and Dorothy, of Palos Verdes, and Attorney Clarence S. Hunt and Leota of Long Beach.

"I can't hope to have such a memorable event repeated often in the future," comments Dr. Hunt.

LINEAGE OF DR. ROCKWELL DENNIS 6 HUNT

Andrew 1 Z ----- & #1 w. Mary ??
George 2 Z ----- & Mary ??
Jacob 3 Z ----- & Nancy Ann Spurgeon
Jacob 4 Z ----- & Susanna Kindle Smith
Nancy Ann 5 Z ----- & #2 h. Dennis Rockwell Hunt
Rockwell Dennis 6 Hunt ----- & Nancy Stuart

Article written by: Leonard H. Verberg

From: Marie(Ash)(Mrs. William)Buerkle
To: George R. Zumwalt
Date: March 10, 1963

HISTORICAL SERIES - Restoration of Fort Zumwalt

The following story is a repeat of the February 25, 1960 article on Fort Zumwalt, due to the public demand for information on the famous county landmark. The State Park Board is in the process of restoring the old Fort. Slight changes had to be made as time passed.

Mr. Haslag, who originally had charge of the restoration passed away and Mr. Orville Henderson, State Park Board Historian, is now in charge of the restoration program.

Fort Zumwalt is about 1 3/4 miles south and west of O'Fallon, Dardenne Township, St. Charles County; or about 1/8 of a mile south of underpass on new highway K at O'Fallon. Descriptions in a few words: This is now a state park of 45 acres, the remains of the old Zumwalt Fort. One large brick house, one smoke house, one tool and implement shed, one lovely new shelter house. Open to the public: barbecue pits, picnic tables, swings, and slides. Tourist facilities: trailer spaces and camping grounds that are very popular. Girl and Boy Scouts Troops often camp here. The Zumwalt family cemetery is also located here, and the Zumwalt spring. I found an old poem in our archives, it is dated July 5, 1915 but the author's name is not given. The little poem reveals so much about Fort Zumwalt that I will quote it:

"From the State of Pennsylvania
Came a man named Jacob Zumwalt
Came among the travelers westward,
Saw a valley rich and fertile
Near a winding stream called Ballou.
Built a dwelling for his family,
Built it strong from logs of whitsoak,
Made some portholes in the attic,
Used it often for protection,
Sheltering families from the Indians;
Made his home a home for preachers
As they worked among the people
"Ministering sacramental service"
Here, the first in old Missouri,
Using wine from potal berries,
Using corn bread baked in ashes."

Jacob 2 Zumwalt, a Revolutionary soldier of Virginia served under Captain McCoy's Augusta Company, built this house in 1798. It is the first hewed log house ever built on the north side of the Missouri River. The first Methodist Sacrament in Missouri was given at this home by Reverend Jesse Walker in 1807. The first sheep introduced into Missouri was in the year 1798 when they were brought by Adam 2 Zumwalt and were put to graze on the ground surrounding the house. Incidentally, the Perdue Creek passes through the Zumwalt grounds. Now I will tell you about the delightful and fascinating history of the house that Jacob 2 Zumwalt built. It was first built with four rooms made of oak logs. The roof was made of oak shakes and the floor was made of split oak. The house was put together with oak pegs. There were two large chimneys, one at the east end of the house and the other in the center between the two main rooms which opened on two sides. There was a loft above the four rooms. A few years later a one story wing was built to the east. It was made of logs. At the same time another one-story wing was added to the south. Portholes were made in the sides of the building to be used in case of an Indian raid. I find no record of an actual battle ever being fought in the War of 1812 here, but it was called at this time the Zumwalt Fort. A large stockade was built around the Fort. We do have records that show as many as ten families were known to seek shelter in the Zumwalt Fort when the Indians were on the warpath and there cattle were brought to the stockade for safety.

In the memoirs of Solomon 3 Zumwalt written in 1880 (in the Lane County Museum of Eugene, Oregon, now) we learn some amazing bits of history. Adam 2 Zumwalt, brother to Jacob 2 Zumwalt, built a distillery near the Fort. The Indians were friendly with the Zumwalts and partook freely of their whiskey. Whether it was the distillery or the three beautiful daughters of Adam 2 or the constant flow of pure clear water that attracted the Indians is unknown. All went well until chief Black Hawk fell in love with Adams' daughter, Rachel. Adams assured Black Hawk that he was welcome to come at anytime but under no circumstances would he allow Rachel to marry him. This broken romance is blamed for starting the Indian trouble in this section.

Another fascinating story is of the growth of the Methodist Church in Missouri. Jacob 2 Zumwalt was a very religious Methodist. Reverend Jesse Walker in 1807 administered the first Methodist sacrament given in Missouri in the Fort. Wine for the occasion was made from sweetened poke-berry juice. It was sweetened with maple sugar. Mrs. Zumwalt and Mrs. Bailey made cornbread in the ashes in the fireplace. The wine and bread were used for the sacrament.

In 1808 Elder W. McKendree and James Ward held a "camp-meeting" here. The Reverend John Travis, the first accredited Methodist minister in Missouri, regularly held Sunday services here. Within the Zumwalt home the Methodists organized a church known as Mt. Zion. They built the church with its cemetery on what is now known as Mt. Zion Hill, a short distance east of the Zumwalt home.

In the War of 1812 we have records of five of the Zumwalts who were soldiers, of that War. Jacob Zumwalt was greatly grieved at the death of his first wife, who was Catherine Miller who died August 20, 1799. She was buried near the top of the hill under the cedar tree, a few yards from the Fort. This place is now known as the Zumwalt or the Stony Point Cemetery.

In 1817 Jacob was getting restless. He sold his United States Survey 55, which was his grant from the Spanish Government and later confirmed by the U.S. Government to Major Nathan Heald, the famed hero of the War of 1812, who was in command of Fort Dearborn (where Chicago now stands). He and his wife Rebecca Wells Heald were both severely wounded and captured when they were stationed at Fort Dearborn. After their recovery they wanted a placid life and they came to Missouri and purchased Fort Zumwalt. The Spanish grant consisted of 430 arpents and Major Heald added to this farm until it embraced 700 acres. The Heald family lived in the old Fort until he built the large brick home directly in front of the Fort, using the Fort as a stable and work shop. Major Nathan Heald died here in 1832. Both he and his wife were buried in the Zumwalt cemetery. It was in 1914 that the monuments from this cemetery were moved to Mt. Zion cemetery when the property passed out of the Heald family. The bodies could not be removed and some of the footstones were not moved. In September, 1925, a large boulder was erected at Fort Zumwalt. It was unveiled by Major Heald's four grand-daughters. It was put up by the Daughters of 1812.

Today Fort Zumwalt is a State Park consisting of 45 acres. Our beloved former Senator Robert Linnemann will go down in history as being responsible for saving Fort Zumwalt. This beautiful park is maintained in splendid condition by the superintendent John H. Adams. He has done a beautiful job in landscaping and he and his family live in the large brick house built by Darius Heald in 1884.

Incidentally, notice the front window in the living room of the Heald home. It always fascinates and thrills me to see the names cut in the glass of the wedding party of Martha Heald and Wright Johnson. The glass was cut with her diamond engagement ring. Martha Heald was the grand-daughter of Major Heald who married my uncle. In the archives is a fine article about this big wedding held by the fireplace in the parlor.

Joseph Jaeger, Jr., Director of Missouri State Parks, is to be complimented on his accomplishments and the progress that has been made in the state park, Fort Zumwalt. A winding road through the park was made. He had the clever shelter house built. Fitting are the church services that are held there. The shelter house is well equipped with running water, stove, picnic benches and chairs and can be rented for \$3.00 for big parties as the Daughters of 1812 did, holding their annual picnic there. Mr. Jaeger had the cemetery enclosed with a fence in respect for the many soldiers who are buried there. Adam 2 Zumwalt, Revolutionary Soldier, is buried there. (His stone was later moved to the Murdock Cemetery about 1½ miles from Matson, Missouri.) Major Heald, famed soldier of Fort Dearborn, War of 1812, was also buried there. The stones of both Major Heald and his wife were moved to the Mt. Zion Cemetery in 1916. A few of the footstones were not moved. There were also two Zumwalt brothers of the War of 1812 buried here. So we are pleased that his historical cemetery has been enclosed.

We are all thrilled and delighted that Mr. Jaeger plans to have the Fort restored and that State Park historian, the late Leonard Haslag, was in charge of the restoration. The large double chimney is now completely restored; work has started on the second chimney. Many of the old oak logs had to be replaced, and where and when possible Haslag has brought old oak logs from dismantled barns. These are carefully stacked and ready to be used. Haslag made a careful study of the old Fort from all available pictures so the restoration will be authentic. His drawings and plans are exact and splendid. It will take time but someday soon you will see Fort Zumwalt restored. Incidentally, in excavating some beautiful bits of old broken glass and rare china have been found which give one an idea of how the Zumwalt family lived. Some of the old Zumwalt furniture that has been located will be stored for the time being in the attic of the Heald home and as soon as the Fort is finished these original pieces of furniture will be on display in the Fort.

I hope you will drive to Fort Zumwalt which is now a Missouri Park. It's a beautiful drive and is very worthwhile sight seeing. Your children will learn a great deal of history and they might be lucky enough to find Indian arrow heads along the creek. I found four choice ones when I was there a few weeks ago. You of St. Charles County should be proud of your state park.

HISTORY OF THE ZUMWALT-TROXEL FAMILY

Grandfather, Daniel Zachariah Troxel, was born in Frederick County, Maryland near the old battleground of Fredericksburg about August 11, 1803 and had often spoken of having a brother named George, although nothing is now known of his history. They had two sisters, one named Betsey was married to a man by the name of Burbank. They had a daughter who married Governor Morton of Indiana during the Civil War. The other sister, Susan, married a man by the name of Smith, very likely they also lived in Indiana. Father did not know.

Grandfather, Daniel Zachariah Troxel, often told in father's presence that originally there were three brothers who came to America from Germany and settled in Pennsylvania away back in Colonial Times, before the Revolutionary War. There is a very old town in Snyder County, Pennsylvania named Troxelville. It is about twelve or fifteen miles from Middleburg, and about the same distance from Mifflinburg. No doubt the town was founded by some of the descendants of one of the original brothers that emigrated from Germany, as it is true that all the Troxels in America are descended from them.

Great Grandfather Troxel lived at Frederick, Maryland, where he owned an estate and a large number of slaves before the Civil War. Grandfather Daniel Zachariah Troxel stated that when they built the National Capitol at Washington, his father, Great Grandfather Troxel had a big contract to deliver stone that went into the foundation, and Capitol building, upon which he worked many slaves. Grandfather mentioned a good many times that as a little boy, and on up to manhood he was attended by a gigantic Negro slave named George.

Grandfather, Daniel Zachariah Troxel, left Maryland in his early manhood, the year we do not know. Father did not know, and went to Adams County, Ohio, where he met and married Miss Eleanor 4 Zumwalt. Shortly afterward they moved to Hancock County, Indiana, from where at a later date they moved to Will County, Illinois, where most of their children were born, and at a later date several died at Troutman's Grove near the City of Joliet, Ill.

In the fall of 1852 they decided to go to California, the famed land of Gold, and after selling off everything except what was necessary to take with them, they drove to Keokuk, Iowa, where they spent the winter of 1853. In the spring of 1854 they joined a great wagon train at Council Bluffs which was under the leadership of Great Uncle Joseph 4 Zumwalt, who was Grandmother Eleanor 4 (Zumwalt) Troxel's brother, and Captain of the wagon train which originated at Joliet, Illinois, and with which they and family proceeded on to California, arriving at Illinois Town (now Colfax, Placer County) in September 1854 at which place they settled and lived until the fall of 1857 when they moved to a farm a short distance north of Silveyville, an old town a few miles northwest of the present town of Dixon, Solano County, California.

Both Grandfather, Daniel Zachariah Troxel, and Grandmother, Eleanor 4 (Zumwalt) Troxel lived on the old farm at Silveyville until they died. Grandfather died March 16, 1867, age 64 years, 7 months and 19 days. Grandmother Troxel died January 25, 1873, age 58 years, 6 months. They both rest in the Dixon Cemetery. They had four sons living at the time of their death; William Tremble 5, Joseph R. 5, George Wheatly 5, and Albert M. 5 Troxel. Grandfather and Grandmother Troxel had eight sons and four daughters. All but the four above named sons died during a terrible epidemic of bloody-flux (a cholera like disintary) in Illinois while they were young children. The names of those that died were; Jacob 5, John 5, Everistus 5, Daniel 5, Rachel 5, Ellen 5, Ann Margaret 5, and Sarah Elizabeth 5.

Grandmother, Eleanor 4 (Zumwalt) Troxel, was born in Adams County, Ohio, her father's name was Jacob 3 Zumwalt. They lived on Brush Creek near the great Serpent Mound, the land upon which it stands belonged to her father at that time. Grandmother, Eleanor 4 (Zumwalt)

Troxel had two brothers and three sisters; Joseph 4 Zumwalt, Jacob 4 Zumwalt, Elizabeth 4 (Zumwalt)Long, Sarah 4 (Zumwalt)Kirkpatrick, Mary 4 (Zumwalt)Cameron, mother of Jake 4 Cameron and Mary 5 (Cameron)Somers.

Grandmother Troxel's oldest brother, Joseph 4 Zumwalt had four sons and three daughters; Jacob Willard 5 Zumwalt, James C. 5 Zumwalt, Daniel 5 Zumwalt, Joseph Oscar 5 Zumwalt, Mary Ann 5 (Zumwalt)Eibe, Emily 5 (Zumwalt)(Eibe)West, and Nancy Ann 5 (Zumwalt)Bailey.

Jacob 4 Zumwalt, her younger brother, had three sons and three daughters; John Henry 5 Zumwalt, Joseph 5 Zumwalt, Daniel Kindle 5 Zumwalt, Nancy Ann 5 (Zumwalt)Cotton)Hunt, Sarah M. 5 (Zumwalt)Shoemaker and Elizabeth 5 (Zumwalt)Eskridge)Hall.

This is our family history as given to me by my father, George W. 5 Troxel on January 8, 1918, at Glenn, Glenn County, California

Signed: Clarence M. 6 Troxel
Address: 1523½ T Street
Sacramento, California

From: Mrs. A. W. Johnson
To: George R. Zumwalt
Date: March 29, 1963

LINEAGE OF ELEANOR 4 ZUMWALT

Andrew 1 Z & #1 w. Mary ??
George 2 Z & Mary ??
Jacob 3 Z - & Nancy Ann Spurgeon
Eleanor 4 Z & Daniel Zachariah Troxel

William Tremble 5 Troxel & Elizabeth Johnson
Joseph R. 5 Troxel ----- & Abbe Edwards
George Wheatley 5 Troxel & Ann Caroline Everts
Albert M. 5 Troxel
Jacob 5 Troxel
John Everistus 5 Troxel
Daniel 5 Troxel
Rachel 5 Troxel
Ellen 5 Troxel
Ann Margaret 5 Troxel
Sarah Elizabeth Troxel

BY OX-TEAM TO CALIFORNIA

One of my sons has requested me to write the story of my early life. Whether he is in jest or in earnest I do not know; if in earnest, I know not why he thinks I could do such a thing. It must be either because I have given birth and raised to stalwart manhood seven sons, or because I was a pioneer in the great State of Illinois, and also in our Sunny State California. He must have some reason for it; perhaps it is this - just to know something of our family history. I myself have often wished I knew more of the history of my parents and ancestors; so I will do what I can to grant my son's request for this reason, if for no other.

I must begin back with my ancestors. From a rare old book, "The Pioneer Families of Missouri", I have learned that Jacob (should be Andrew) Zumwalt emigrated from Germany to America during colonial times and settled first in Pennsylvania at the present site of Little York. Mr. Andrew 1 Zumwalt was married twice. By his first wife he had two sons and two daughters, and by his second wife he had five sons and one daughter. It is said that his son Jacob 2 Zumwalt built the first hewed log house that was ever erected on the North side of the Missouri River in 1798, about one and a half miles Northwest of O'Fallen Station, on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railway. I have not been able to trace the connection between the Missouri Zumwalts and my own parents, though all were no doubt related.

The name of my great-great-grandfather was Adam Zumwalt (should be Andrew 1). His son George 2 Zumwalt, emigrated from Germany to America and lived in Virginia, where my grandfather, Jacob 3 Zumwalt was born. The names of great-grandfather's children were Jacob 3, Elizabeth 3, (Z)Spry, Henry 3, Mary 3 (Z)Simmons, Magdalene, Christina 3 (Z)Snyder, Philip 3, Christian 3, and John 3. My grandfather, Jacob 3 Zumwalt, also had nine children, whose names were Sarah 4 (Z)Kirkpatrick, Mary 4 (Z)Cameron, Joseph 4, Daniel 4, Jacob 4, Elizabeth 4 (Z)Long, Eleanor 4 (Z)Troxel, George 4 and John 4. The fifth of these Jacob 4 Zumwalt was my father.

Grandmother Zumwalt's maiden name was Nancy Ann Spurgeon. She was born in Pennsylvania of parents who had come from England and so was related to the Spurgeons of that country.

My mother's maiden name was Susanna Smith. She was the daughter of Reuben Smith, whose children were Sally, John, Joel, Anna, Joseph, Phoebe, Reuben, Stephen, Mary Ann, Clarendia, Elizabeth, Susanna and Cynthia. My Great grandparents, Oliver Smith and Sarah Herrick, who were born and married in England, came to America about 1770. Sarah was a very large woman taller than Reuben Smith, who was six feet six inches tall. Oliver Smith was a physician and surgeon and was quite wealthy until the Indians took and destroyed his property. Grandmother Smith died January 17, 1834 and grandfather Reuben Smith died September 25, 1840. My own parents, Jacob 4 Zumwalt and Nancy Ann Spurgeon, were both born and raised in Ohio, as farmers. They received only a moderate education, as colleges and seminaries were then unknown in that part of the country. They had no carriages to go riding in when they were young. A walk of five or six miles was not considered much; but horseback riding was very fashionable among old and young alike. To go to church on Sunday or to market or to the mill with a bag of corn, wheat or buckwheat swung across the horse's back, or even to weddings, ten, twenty or more miles away, all these were most common, everyday affairs.

When my parents were married father was twenty-two and mother nineteen. Father came twenty miles on horseback with his company of family relatives and friends. On arriving at mother's home, they all rode around the house three times for good cheer, according to the style of the day. On these long rides it was customary for the young men to carry the girl's collarettes in their high silk hats, so they would not get mussed up.

The day after the wedding they, with their company, went to my father's home for the Infair. According to previous arrangements, they started after just one week to emigrate to Indiana. This was a wedding trip that some of our young folks wouldn't like very well nowadays - especially to go as my parents went, with their own team, taking in the wagon all they possessed, except their five horses and the cow named "Pink". I can remember hearing my mother calling, "Suk-Pink", and the cow would come home from as far as she could hear the call, out of the thick woods.

When they reached their journey's end, they settled in the beech and maple timber that was so thick they had to cut down trees and clear out a spot big enough on which to build their little log house of one room. But since they were married in June and had started at once, the house was built before winter set in.

Yet when they moved in, the only door was a quilt hung up, and the only curtain was another quilt at the little square window without glass. Later the fireplace chimney was completed with split sticks chinked up with mud plaster. Father split some puncheons from the big hard-wood trees and put down a floor big enough for the bed.

By keeping diligently at work, they had soon made a door, bed-stead, etc. A few hens were brought from a distant neighbor, mother borrowed a rooster and made a little chicken house from small trees she had cut down; so in a short time they had plenty of chickens.

Father, Jacob & Zumwalt, was a skillful hunter, so they fared well for meat, deer and other wild game being plentiful. They lived in happiness.

In the spring they made enough maple sugar syrup (or molasses, as we always called it) and vinegar to do for the year. And they also had a splendid garden, having been provided with seeds before leaving home. They had everything necessary that was good to eat, and lived well. But on account of exposure and hard work, mother was troubled with rheumatism and both had chills and fever; so they concluded to go on to Illinois and try it there.

The five horse team was hitched on to the great covered wagon, and old "Pink" with her tinkling bell and playful progeny was made ready for another journey. Father and mother had found two little girls in the timber of Indiana; my sister, Sarah and I were born there, Hoosiers; and sometimes I feel glad, even proud, that I was born a sturdy, hardy Hoosier, I was then three years old, and Sarah was six weeks old, pretty young to be an emigrant to a new country, to be one of the pioneers.

My parents and my uncle, Joseph & Zumwalt, and his family, arrived in Will County, Illinois, at Troutman's Grove, near Joliet, in the spring of 1834, there to begin a pioneer life over again by starting a new home and it had to be done very much as the first one.

Here my school days began. One of our neighbors who had come there about 1831, and was educated, was hired to teach the first school ever kept in that place. Scholars being scarce the teacher got my parents to let me go, although a baby not four years old yet, but even now I can remember some things I did then. The teachers name was Henry Watkins; he used to carry me home for dinner, for we lived near the little log school house. A row of wooden pins driven into the logs served for hooks for the boys coats and hats and the girls' sunbonnets, hoods and kiss-me-quicks. Our seats were slabs from the saw-mill, with limbs of trees driven in for legs. Our writing desks were rough boards about a foot and a half wide, made fast and sloping a little along the sides of the school room.

Our teacher, who was a Baptist, read a chapter from the Bible every morning and prayed with every scholar, big or little, kneeling down. Oh, that our public schools would follow that good old-fashioned way now! The teacher set our copies for writing and made our pens

of goose quills. We made our own ink out of oak bark. I never saw red ink in those days.

We did not stay there long. Father (Jacob 4 Zumwalt) thought best to move about five miles to the edge of Jackson's Grove, to be sheltered from the cold, bleak winds and storms. Then I had to walk more than a mile to school. I remember getting badly scared twice when I saw a big snake lying across the path, and once when a mother pheasant came running after me to protect her brood of young.

About this time, stoves were coming into use, and father bought one for our home; it was an odd-looking concern. One day the teacher brought home from Chicago a few matches. We thought it very strange that fire should come out of a little stick when he struck a match on the stove pipe.

The girls never studied arithmetic in the school there, but did study grammar; the boys studied arithmetic, but no grammar. I was considered very good in Kirkham's Grammar. At times Mr. Watkins would let the entire school study out loud for five minutes; and then what a clattering and chattering we would have!

During the winter time we often had spelling schools in the evening; sometime they would choose up and spell down several times the same evening. We also had singing school, which I attended after I became old enough! Father usually went with us, which made it very pleasant.

My father (Jacob 4 Zumwalt) was uncommonly ingenious; he was able to make almost everything that we needed to use in the pioneer days of Indiana and Illinois. He would go down by the Oplane River, cut down a cedar tree and rive out the staves. The wood next to the bark was white and the inside was red; he made his staves each half red and half white, so that it worked up very prettily into wash-tubs, kegs, buckets, keelers and whatever we needed, taking young hickory trees and splitting them into strips for hoops to use on the utensils. Of larger hickories he made scrubbing brooms, by sawing a ring round the stick, then working the upper part down for the handle and splitting the other end into fine splints. He also used hickory splints for chair bottoms. He tanned deer skins and made mittens, whip lashes and some gloves. He made and mended our shoes and boots and did much of that for the neighbors. He did his own blacksmithing and was a pretty good carpenter, too, making all his own axe-handles, etc. He made very good, coarse combs and back-combs from cow's horn.

After I was about ten years old, my mother was an invalid most of the time till we came to California; so Sarah 5 Zumwalt, my sister and I had most of the housework to do. We were very early taught to work, not only in the house, but out of doors, too. When I was sixteen years old, mother sent to Indiana for feathers to make a bed for me.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Alexander Cotton, my first husband, at school and at temperance meetings. He and his sister used to sing temperance songs, sometimes comic ones, which I thought were nice and appropriate. But when they lent me their book my father said no they were no religious songs, so I had to return the book right away.

I do not know how old I was when I began the Christian Warfare. I was too young to remember anything about it. My parents always went and took all of us children to the social and revival meetings, class, camp, quarterly, protracted, etc. I was a bashful, timid Christian when I was young, so bashful that father threatened sending me away from home to live with a talkative milliner in Joliet. This very lady afterwards made my wedding dress and presented me with a beautiful head-dress for my marriage.

At seventeen and a half years I was married; no one seemed to think I was too young, nor my husband, Alexander Cotton, who was just nineteen. My parents made a large wedding

for us. I was dressed in white nainsook, trimmed with lace. I wore pink and white ribbons and a long bow to my waist, the ribbons reaching almost to the bottom of the dress, with bows at my wrists and neck. My back hair was braided and put up around a horse-shoe back comb, and in front I had three long curls hung from behind each ear.

The wedding was at two o'clock; then came the dinner, such a repast as the fertile State of Illinois could afford, for the whole company of about seventy-five persons. We did not go off for a wedding trip in those days; but stayed at home, letting our parents and friends share in the festivities.

We spent the evening sociably until near midnight; but about eleven, two of the girls went upstairs with me to my room, and then I went to bed. After the girls had gone down, in came my husband; he drew me up from the back part of the bed, onto his arm, and just then the company came thronging in at the door to catch a glimpse of us in bed. Then they left us, and soon were on the way to their home.

The next day, with some of our brothers and sisters, we went to Wilmington by invitation, to have our infair at the home of a sister of my husband.

Father had recently bought a farm of eighty acres, with ten acres of woodland and a sugar camp. He now said; "Children, go onto the place and see how much you can make; and have all you make." We went, and we worked, too! Father gave me a good young horse and two cows, besides hogs, sheep, chickens, and everything we had in the house. I fully believe there never was a happier couple; and oh, how we did work! We made maple sugar in the spring, picked wild strawberries in abundance, and in winter trapped all the prairie chickens and quail we wanted. We always found time to drive over to our old home about once a week, and to raise a few beautiful flowers in summer.

We lived on this place only three years before we had enough saved up, with another "lift" from my father, to buy thirty acres of our own, in the edge of what was called little Grove, then, but afterwards called Starr's Grove. There we had a beautiful place, with a new house and fine creek of running water, everything it seemed to make us happy.

But this was not to last long. My husband (Alexander Cotton) began coughing and rapidly grew worse and worse, until he went into the dread disease, consumption. Then our troubles began; and if we had not both learned to leave them with the great Burden Bearer, we would have been much worse off than we were.

We had two darling little sons, Albert 6 Cotton and Joel 6 Cotton; but our dear little daughter, Irene 6 Cotton, inherited her father's weakness and died when but four months old.

After strong and unmistakable symptoms, my father (Jacob 4 Zumwalt) was taken with the California fever in the year 1849, when his brother (my uncle Joseph 4 Zumwalt) crossed the Great Plains and came to California, bringing his wife and eleven children with him.

Well, after that spring it seemed all my father could do was to read every item of California news he could get and talk about the new wonderland - for mother would not be persuaded to undertake the journey.

But father kept reading and talking. One day he read that wheat and peaches were a sure crop ever; that greatly increased his desire to come. That desire, which was shared by all six of his sons and daughters never waned nor grew old.

At last, early in 1854, the doctors told us the only chance there was for my husband Alexander Cotton to live was to come to California that year. Of course, I at once told my parents I was going to venture all and make the start with him for California; we began at once to make arrangements to come.

18 Then my sister, Sarah 5 Zumwalt and her husband, James Shoemaker, decided they would come with us. And next, father's fever never having abated, mother consented to come, providing the old homestead could be kept unencumbered to return to in case we should not like California.

All went to work with a will to get ready for the great journey. Father began buying oxen and having new wagons made, good and strong. Times were very lively with us all that winter, selling home effects and buying our outfit. We had to part with all of our old and dear keepsakes, mementoes of our childhood, for we could only take just what we would need on the way.

My uncle Joseph 4 Zumwalt and family, who had gone to California in '49, and returned to Illinois, were now ready for their second journey. Father's sister, Mrs. Nellie 4 Zumwalt, Mrs. Daniel Troxel, and her family, with neighbors and friends, made up a party that started on with teams and live stock about the middle of March, even before the snow and ice had gone. But never mind that - they were on their way to the great new country!

About the middle of April, the remainder of our party, having remained behind to finish the business affairs, started from Joliet by rail, and went to the terminus at Peoria. Then we took the steamboat down the Illinois River to the Mississippi and down the great river as far as St. Louis. From St. Louis we proceeded up the Missouri to Kainsville. The Missouri River was then very low, and was full of mud, sandbars, snags, etc. so we had a hard time at the very outset of our journey. The steamboat was badly snagged, and it leaked so fast that it was necessary to unload everything and put it onto another boat. I had the quinsy and was seriously sick with it, and my husband, by taking cold, was very low indeed near to death with his disease. But as soon as we were on land, all began to get better. The old boat never made another trip down the river; they left it at Kainsville to be used as a ferry boat. Here we met my father and the members of the advance guard. After a few days' preparation, we crossed the Missouri and our long, hard camping trip across the Great Plains began.

We found all the ox drivers we needed, simply for their board along the way. There were in our train besides our immediate family, which included my brothers John 5 Zumwalt, Joseph 5 Zumwalt and Daniel 5 Zumwalt, and my sisters, Sarah 5 Zumwalt and Lizzie 5 Zumwalt and those of uncle Joseph 4 Zumwalt and Aunt Nellie 4(Zumwalt)Troxel, neighbors and friends occupying in all twenty-five wagons and teams, nearly all of them ox teams of five yoke for each wagon.

When we camped at night we would drive our wagons so they would form a circle and by putting the pole, or tongue, of each wagon upon the back axle tree of the next, all round the circle, we had a pretty good corral.

But our large company could not remain together long; so much stock required more grass than could be found in one place near the road, for each family had besides the teams more or less loose stock, cows, calves, etc.

Some members of the company would become impatient and wish to hurry along as fast as their teams could go; after a few days we would usually overtake them and crawl along past them, as they would be stopped by the roadside to rest their cattle. We always went along slowly, but steadily, stopping half a day each week, whenever we possibly could, to do our washing.

We always laid over Sunday, I believe. Once we made a mistake; thinking it was Saturday, we were washing when some traders came along, from whom we learned it was Sunday. We quickly put away the washing for that day. That was the only time we completely lost track of the day of the week.

Our wagons were big and strong, and had good, stout, bows covered with thick, white drilling; so there was a nice room in each wagon, as everything was clean and fresh and new. Two strong hooks were fastened on the top of each side of our wagon-box and a pole (called a spring-pole) laid in these hooks. Boards were laid across from pole to pole thus making a spring bed that was very comfortable for my sick husband, after a good feather bed and plenty of covering were put in place. We had but one wagon of our own, with five yoke of oxen and two cows.

Most of the emigrant wagons had the name of the owners, place where they were from and where they were bound, marked in large letters on the outside of the cover.

There were stations along the way at great intervals; these were called trading posts, and they kept supplies of provisions, ammunition, etc., but the emigrants had to pay dearly for everything at these stations. The traders were glad to buy such dried fruits, jellies, jams, pickles, preserves, etc. as the emigrants had to share.

We called it a good day's drive if we went twenty miles, and a big drive if we went twenty-five miles; but in the mountains, and where we had streams to cross, we worked hard many times and went only five miles. I think I must have walked half the way to California. Many times I did not get into the wagon to ride all day. Oh, the roads we passed over were terrible.

In some places in the mountains the men had to let the wagons down the deep pitches with chains; in other places it would take ten yoke of oxen, or more, to pull a wagon up the steep, slippery grades. But parts of our road were just beautiful, being level as a floor and bordered with a carpet of green grass intermingled with flowers of every shade.

We often saw herds of buffalo at a distance, but they were wild enough to keep out of the way of the emigrants. At their watering places we saw dead ones and partly eaten by wolves or other wild beasts. We frequently had buffalo meat as well as bear, elk, deer, antelope, and fish, ducks and other wild game.

We always treated the Indians well and with respect, and they never molested us at any time. Day after day we heard stories of how the Indians had been treated badly by the emigrants, and how they were threatening to take the next train that came along to get revenge. Some emigrants did have trouble that year. We always gave them something to eat when they asked for it. I believe the Golden Rule helped us to get through safely.

As soon as we went into camp, if any Indians were in hearing distance, they would come to see us. They climbed up and looked into our wagons with great curiosity; yes, and astonishment, too, when they saw the display of guns and ammunition we had. We always had these hanging rather artistically on the inside of the wagon cover, so they would be the first thing to attract the visitor's attention, and they always looked sober at the sight of them.

At night we placed our weapons of defense by the sides of our beds in our tents. I claimed the ax for mine, and always saw that it was close to me but I never had occasion to use it on an Indian.

Sometimes it was trying to notice how the Indians would eat the things we gave them. For instance, on one occasion a big Indian and a pitiful little fellow begged food, and we gave each a plateful. The big fellow soon cleaned his plate then took the little one's plate away from him, bring a sorrowful look to the little face. When we showed our astonishment, he said by way of explanation, placing his hand upon his stomach, then pointing to his companion; "Me heap big; him little belly!" The little boy looked sorry, but did not cry - I surmise he was used to such treatment.

One night in particular, more than any other, we expected to be killed or taken as captives. (Imagine for one moment what a feeling that is!) The Indians formed in a line on both sides of our camp. It was very dark but when they built fires on both sides, we knew they were in line. Then they set up their terrible war-whoop, and kept it up until late into the night. Greatly frightened, we made ready for an attack. Fortunately they did not molest us at all, except as we suffered in our minds from our fright. That night we kept ample guard and what little sleep we did get we took with our hands on our weapons. Early the next morning we moved on quietly as if nothing had happened.

We had music in camp many an evening. Some of the company having brought their musical instruments, such as violins or guitars and when not too tired we would sing hymns of praise. The young people had a good time and a great deal of fun. They were free from care and could ride on horseback or in the wagons all they pleased, or could walk along the road together. We managed to sew enough to keep our clothes in order while the oxen were poking along where the road was level. Some worked at crocheting or knitting a little occasionally just for pastime. We had nothing to read but our Bibles and a few hymn books.

I did not notice the cold or heat very much on our trip. We had many hard, cold rain and hail storms. I think the most severe were encountered while we were in the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes they would sluice us out of our tents; so we were compelled to hurry our beds and everything up into the wagons. I remember one night especially when I worked in the rain till I was drenched through and through; my feet squished in my shoes. In that condition I did not dare to get into bed with my poor, sick husband and my little children for fear of giving them cold; so I drew myself up into the front end of the wagon as far as I could, with my feet extending outside, and very soon I dropped off to sleep and slept soundly being so tired out. Such exposure never hurt me in the least - we could live in almost any way out of doors, so hardened were we by that manner of life. And right here I want to recommend living out of doors for the invalid when the weather will at all permit; I believe it to be better than medicine.

For about three weeks I was sick with what was called mountain fever. We were then traveling along the Humboldt River, where we could get no good water, although constantly in sight of plenty of snow. Oh, how good that snow looked to me! Surely, I thought, if any one of the rest of our company were burning up with fever, as I was, and I was well, I would go and get some snow - it looked so near! And yet they said it must be a hundred miles from us. Distance was very deceiving.

After the fever had had its run, I recovered, with God's care - for little care did I have but his, before we came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

While the young folk were having their good times, some of the mothers were giving birth to their babes; three babies were born in our company that summer. My cousin Emily 5 (Zumwalt) Ibe (later Emily West of Dixon) gave birth to a son in Utah, forty miles north of Great Salt Lake, one evening; and the next morning she traveled on until noon, when a stop was made, and another child was born - this time Susan Longmire was the mother made happy by the advent of little Ellen. The third birth occurred after we had separated from Uncle Joseph 4 Zumwalt's family; the wife of my cousin Jacob 5 Zumwalt gave birth to a daughter while traveling in the Sierra Nevada. To this baby they gave the name Alice Nevada 6 Zumwalt. In every instance, after the birth, we traveled right along the next day, mothers and babes with the rest of us.

We had an unusual commotion one afternoon and night, near the fork of the Sweetwater River. My youngest sister, Lizzie 5 Zumwalt, then twelve years old, was lost. She had started off in search of firewood and completely lost her bearings. Finally she found the road and walked back on it five miles, when she came to a camp of emigrants. Two of them brought her into our excited camp about eleven o'clock at night. My mother was nearly beside herself when they brought her in all safe and sound but very tired.

Our train went north of Salt Lake and passed what was known as Sublet's Cutoff, where Ogden now is. As most of our company wished to go through by Salt Lake, we were again divided, our own party having but one other family besides my father's - Mrs. Neff, a widow with her three sons, Jim, Dan and John, and a daughter named Sarah. Jim was married, having with him his wife and son.

He was very sick through Nevada. At Carson we thought he would die, but he refused to take our medicine (calomel and quinine), saying he would die first. Coming so near to death's door, he finally concluded to take the medicine, so he got well in due time. He was a soft kind of man, with little grit or vim in him.

Day after day we traveled along, slowly very slowly. The roads were almost impassable; the days were hot and the nights freezing cold. Near the summit of the Sierras we came to the snow; it was the month of August.

It was here, in the midst of the great mountains, that I met with the greatest trial and loss of my life, up to this time. It was the loss of my dear husband (Alexander Cotton), the father of my two little sons. He died August 21, 1854. He was a noble, good Christian man. Oh, the patience he showed all along the road! Never recovering sufficient strength to get out, he sat there in the wagon alone through those long months, except for a few weeks along the Sweetwater River. How proud he was then, and I, too! We thought he would get well. But when we came into the Sierras, he took fresh cold, from which he never recovered. The long lingering disease had run its course and ended his short life; his brave spirit departed at Twin Lakes, a beautiful little valley on this side of the summit - so he died in California.

We laid the body away in the best manner we possibly could, especially marking the grave so that emigrants passing that way for years afterwards would take particular notice of it; in this way we could hear from it sometimes. We could not linger there between the two majestic pines where my husband's body was tenderly laid to rest; there was no grass for the cattle. We must push on.

That night we found grass, so decided to remain for a day or two for washing and other needful preparations; for we were now almost at our journey's end.

Only two or three days more and we sighted the beautiful valley of the Cosumnes. We went through to Sacramento, which had grown up around Sutter's Fort into a thriving city. Then we remained out on the American River (a branch of the Sacramento) for two weeks, while my father was looking about for a place to live. After looking over several different places including the vicinity of Dixon - which he pronounced worthless for farming - he bought his farm on Deer Creek, near Daylor's Ranch, on the Cosumnes. It had a good comfortable house, considering the early date.

I remained with my parents, with my two little boys; but after a while, so many came to ask me to work for them, I concluded to hire out to work, although I had never worked away from home. For my work I never received less than \$50 a month, and for a part of the time I received \$75. Women were scarce in California in comparison to men, and it was hard to secure women's help. I would leave the children with mother, as she didn't have much work to do in those days. My wagon I had sold, a part of the money received for it being two fifty-dollar California slugs, one of them round and the other eight-sided. They were no rarity in those days, being quite as plentiful as currency.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Dennis Rockwell Hunt was made by riding with him for thirty miles on his grain wagon to the place where I went to work, a large country hotel called the Somerset House. He was then hauling barley to Coloma and the landlord arranged with him to take me up.

As a matter of course, Mr. Hunt, being an old bachelor who had come to California four years earlier, would come into the parlor a little while on his arrival with every load to inquire how the young widow was getting along, bring some message from home, or take some word back to my folks. Each time I went to visit at home I went with him on his grain or hay wagon.

I did not remain long at the Somerset House. One of the owners, whose wife was with him, sold out to the other, whose wife was still in Boston; so if I were to remain I would be the only woman there and must take the place of landlady. Mr. Linsey offered me \$75 a month for all winter, and said I might keep little Albert 6 Cotton and Joel 6 Cotton with me, as well as do the sewing and washing besides my wages. But no; I would not consent to stay.

In a little while I began working for the Eldorado House on the Placerville road, being engaged as cook for the house. Of course, teaming from the Hunt ranch paid better on the Placerville road now; so I still had good opportunity of hearing from home often!

I remained at the Eldorado House until May; then Mr. Hunt thought I had better not work out anymore. So I did up a good lot of sewing for myself and children, feeling quite independent about my clothes, as I had earned the money to buy them myself. Mr. Hunt had a squatter's right to some land on a Spanish grant, only half a mile from my father's house. He had built a small house of four rooms, but these were not finished then.

So we were married in my father's house, August 5, 1855. I was dressed in white, with embroidered pink flowers. Thus I began my married life in California. It has brought many joys and many sorrows. And now my five stalwart sons, all native sons of California, the fruit of my second marriage, have grown to manhood's estate.

This is the personal narrative of Nancy Ann (Zumwalt)(Cotton)(Mrs. Dennis Rockwell)Hunt as it appeared in the Overland Monthly, April 1916.

From: Mrs. A. W. Johnson
To: George R. Zumwalt
Date: 29 March 1963

Prepared from the original manuscript of Nancy Ann 5 (Zumwalt)(Cotton)(Mrs. Dennis Rockwell)Hunt, by Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, Professor in the University of Southern California and President of the Historical Society of Southern California. The original manuscript was prepared more than twenty years ago, with great care and considerable research, but of course chiefly from memory.

ZUMWALT LINEAGE OF NANCY ANN 5 (ZUMWALT) (COTTON) (MRS. DENNIS ROCKWELL) HUNT

Andrew 1 Z ----- & #1 w. Mary ??
George 2 Z ----- & Mary ??
Jacob 3 Z ----- & Nancy Ann Spurgeon
Jacob 4 Z ----- & Susanna Kindle Smith
Nancy Ann 5 Z ----- & #1 h. Alexander Cotton
#2 h. Dennis Rockwell Hunt

Albert 6 Cotton ----- & Josephine Gregory
Joel 6 Cotton ----- & Catherine Sheldon
Irene 6 Cotton ----- died age 4 months
Dr. Rockwell Dennis 6 Hunt -- &
Major C. Hunt ----- &
Frank L. 6 Hunt ----- &
Mark T. 6 Hunt ----- &
George G. 6 Hunt ----- &

Note: Additions in parenthesis and genealogical #s of generations have been added by George R. Zumwalt to better identify names and persons in this narative.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN HENRY 5 ZUMWALT

Andrew 1 Zumwalt was first of the name in America. Born in Alsace-Lorraine, Strassburg in 1698, came to Pennsylvania in 1737, died in Virginia in 1764 - 2nd wife was Ann Regina (?) "A Swiss Girl".

Joshua 4 Zumwalt and his second wife Nancy(Venable)Zumwalt, (who was the daughter of John and Rachel(Pursley)Venable) were married in Pike County, Illinois on November 23, 1846. They were John Henry 5 Zumwalts' Father and Mother. John's brothers and sisters were Marion, William, Andrew, Brison, Newton, Sarah, Emma, Rachel and Rebecca. Their home was at Pleasant Hill, Pike County, Illinois and it was there that John spent his youth, received his schooling and grew into manhood.

John's earnest desire to become a Master Mason was so great that after his application was accepted and he was elected to receive the Degrees he rode a white mule, 20 miles round trip for his lessons and coaching - also for his First, Second and Third Degrees.

In 1878 he decided to come to California, thinking that there were greater opportunities to be found in the West. He cast his lot at Delevan near Colusa in Colusa County, California, where he engaged in farming for several years and was quite successful. In 1882 he returned to Illinois to marry his old time sweetheart, Barbara Ann Frances Craigmiles, whose nickname by her friends was Fannie. They were united in the Bonds of Holy Matrimony at Pittsfield, Illinois on the 12th day of April in the Year of Our Lord, 1882. To this union in marriage was born Bertha (died in infancy), William R., Henry Grover (deceased) and Eva(Mrs. D. B. Colville).

After returning to California he and with the help of his wife continued farming, but finally the pastures looked greener up in Oregon. He had some relatives up there somewhere around Salem, so they gave up farming and it was "Oregon or Bust". They started out with two wagons, John 5 Zumwalt drove one and South Shives the other. After their arrival at their destination Autumn was over and the winter rains were in evidence - the pastures didn't look so green, so it was back to California. After packing up and starting out a very amusing thing happened - they were several miles on the road when Barbara Ann discovered that she had left their money bag under her pillow at the Hotel. It is needless to say there was plenty of excitement existing. They turned around and made great speed back to the Hotel where the money bag was still under the pillow, so they were again on their way. When they arrived at Willows, California they decided to make that the end of their journey back to California. They purchased 10 acres of land on the outskirts of Willows and started to improve their property - residence, barn, pumphouse, fencing and other improvements. It was in this home that Eva 6 Zumwalt was born on January 24, 1893. John Henry 5 Zumwalt and his wife Barbara Ann were members of the Methodist Church. They attended services with regularity and saw to it that their children did likewise.

John Henry 5 Zumwalt demitted from his Illinois Lodge to Laurel Lodge No. 245, Willows, California, served at Tyler for 28 years. John Henry 5 Zumwalt and his wife Barbara Ann joined Marshal Chapter O.E.S. He was Worthy Patron for two years. John received his 50 year emblem from his Lodge in 1928.

John Henry 5 Zumwalt and Barbara Ann celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at their home in Willows with many friends and neighbors in attendance, making the happy event very enjoyable.

After they had settled in their new home there were others who came and settled in the same area - there were the Rose, Mason, Linebauch, Pollard, Sehorn and Belieu families, all with children growing up thereby making a neighborhood complete in every detail.

John Henry 5 Zumwalt kept busy with different types of work - carpentry, county work and during the harvest time he was separator man (having charge of all operations) and then after the harvest season was over he would work in the warehouses bucking sacks. One day while on the harvester he was oiling some gears and cogs while the machine was in operation his jumper caught in the gears and was torn almost off his back - had he not been a powerful man he might have lost an arm or possibly his life.

While John Henry 5 Zumwalt was working at all of the above activities Barbara Ann was busy raising their family. The chores were not easy for her - there was the housework, cooking, gardening, putting up fruit of every kind and description and many other chores that required her efforts. After several years their land and their efforts began to pay dividends. By that time the two boys were getting big enough to help with some of the work their assignments were many but they were equal to the occasion. The ten acres was divided up into sections, building site, a portion for alfalfa and also an area for a small vineyard, fruit trees and space for wheat and gyp corn.

The live stock on the farm consisted of a span of horses, two cows and then too there was always a flock of chickens. John Henry 5 Zumwalt would buy five or six small pigs - they would be fattened up for the winter meat, so with pork, lard, sausage, head cheese and etc., chickens, eggs, milk and butter, also every kind of fruit you could think of. About the only thing they would have to buy from the stores would be clothes, flour, sugar, coffee, spices, etc., and beef once in a while.

It wasn't all work with this family, sometimes they would go to the mountains on a camping trip or down to the Sacramento River fishing or on a picnic - always using for transportation the spring wagon and two horses. Never a dull moment.

John Henry 5 Zumwalt was born in Calhoun County, Illinois on October 17, 1853 and passed away December 30, 1933 at the age of 80. Barbara Ann Frances (Craigmiles) (Mrs. John Henry) Zumwalt passed away March 12, 1944 at the age of 81. They have gone on to their Eternal Rest but the memory of their kindness and goodness will linger on.

LINEAGE OF JOHN HENRY 5 ZUMWALT

Andrew 1 Z ----- & #2 w. Ann Regina()
Jacob 2 Z ----- & #1 w. Catherine Miller
Henry 3 Z ----- & #2 w. Elizabeth Kesler
Joshua 4 Z ----- & #2 w. Nancy Venable
John Henry 5 Z ----- & Barbara Ann Frances Craigmiles

Bertha 6 Zumwalt ----- born: 6 Sept. 1883 died: 1884

William Raymond 6 Zumwalt born: 27 Feb. 1885 died: living

Henry Grover 6 Zumwalt --- born: 4 March 1886 died: Aug 1955

Eva 6 (Zumwalt) (Mrs. Durward) Colville -- born: 24 Jan 1893 died: living

By: William R. 6 Zumwalt
3251 Georgia St.
Oakland, Calif.

Mrs. D. B. Colville (Eva)
3025 Ulloa Street
San Francisco, Calif

To: George R. Zumwalt

Joshua 4 Zumwalt

My grandfather, Joshua 4 Zumwalt, was born July 5, 1822 in Cedar City, Callaway County, Missouri, the son of Christopher 3 Zumwalt, Jr. and his second wife Elizabeth Keller. His mother died when he was about six (?) years old and his father a few years later while on a trip to New Orleans with a boat load of meat and lard, and from which trip he never returned. It was supposed he was killed on the coast of Texas as he had planned to go into South Texas to locate some land with the intention of moving there.

Joshua had five brothers: John 4, Ephraim 4, Levi 4, Elija (Rige) 4, and Christopher Peter 4, and he had two sisters: Christine 4 who married a Dr. McMillan, and Sena 4 who married a Mr. Brown.

Joshua Zumwalt was of high German descent. His ancestor, Andrew 1 Zumwalt lived in North Germany and came to America for religious freedom and settled in Pennsylvania about 1730 or earlier. Later he moved to Virginia where he established a home at Woodstock in the famous Shenandoah Valley and where he died in 1764 or 65. Three of his sons were soldiers in the Virginia forces in the War of the Revolution. They were Christopher 2 Sr. (grandfather of Joshua 4), Adam 2, and Jacob 2. They served under George Rogers Clark in the Capture of Vincennes, Indiana. At the close of the Revolution they moved to Kentucky and helped establish the city of Lexington. About 1793 they moved to Missouri and settled in St. Charles, Missouri.

One of Grandfather's brothers named Levi 4 went to Illinois and perhaps on to California. Another brother, Christopher Peter 4 went to Oregon. Other members of the family went to Texas prior to the Texas Revolution of 1836 settling in and around Gonzales, Texas, and some of them served in the Texas Revolution at San Jacinto, and at the Alamo. One Andrew Zumwalt's name is on the list of heroes on the San Jacinto Monument Plaque, near Houston, Texas.

It is said that the Zumwalts went to Missouri with Daniel Boone and were related to him by marriage.

The Zumwalts were Methodists and Joshua 4 and his wife joined the old Cottonwood Methodist Church at Little Elm in eastern Denton County, Texas.

On March 20, 1845, Joshua 4 was married to Miss Susan Chandler Mc Niel in Warrenton, Warren Co., Missouri. While preparing the Zumwalt history papers for my sister to join the D.A.R. (Daughters of the American Revolution), my brother J. Lee Zumwalt 6 obtained a copy of their marriage certificate on file in Warrenton, Missouri! (We also obtained a copy of the marriage certificate of our mother's parents, Leevaston and Sarah (Turner) Willis in Liberty, Clay Co., Missouri who were married July 30, 1844!).

Joshua 4 Zumwalt with his wife and two baby daughters, Martha & Frances, moved to Bonham, Fannin County, Texas in 1849, going later from there to McKinney, Collin County, Texas, and in 1851 moved to Little Elm in eastern Denton County, where a survey of land was granted and patented to him by the State of Texas, August 4, 1859. In 1853 or 54 the family moved to Denton, Denton County, Texas where they lived during the War Between the States. Joshua 4 enlisted in the Confederate Army but when it was learned that he was a shoe maker he was detailed to make boots and shoes for the Confederate government. One day a man told him if he would make him a pair of boots he'd pay Grandfather in flour, which was a scarce article in those days. To be able to do this Grandfather had to work at night. After sitting up late one night to finish the boots he discovered they were gone the next morning. At the close of

the war a man came into the shop saying he wanted to pay some money he owed. Grandfather told him he didn't owe him anything. Then the man said he was the one who took the boots as he had walked until his feet were sore and bleeding. He said he promised the Lord if he lived through the war he'd come back and pay for them! Grandfather was a kind and loving husband and father. Besides raising his own family he gave a home to two sets of grandchildren (of whom I was one).

Nine children were born to Joshua 4 and his wife Susan:

1. Martha 5, born in Missouri 1846, died 1855 (?)
2. Elizabeth Frances 5, born in Missouri in 1848, died 1880, married to W. C. McIntosh and had two daughters, Amy Myrtle 6, who married J. M. Caddell and Rebecca May 6, who married H. Ross Edwards.
3. Lewis Levi 5 (L.L.), born in McKinney, Collin County, Texas, Feb. 1, 1851 and died Jan. 31, 1898, married Rachel Johnson Willis, Dec. 6, 1874 and had seven children: Nellie Obera 6, J. Lee 6, William Marvin 6, Susan 6, Mary L. 6, Sarah Elizabeth 6, (the writer of this) and Rachel Maude 6.
4. William Larkin 5, born 1855 in Denton, Texas, died Feb. 1925 in Oklahoma, married Jane Turner in 1875 and their children were: Arthur Lewis 6, Ella Rebecca 6, Laura Bess 6, John Joshua 6, Rachel Frances 6, Willie May 6, Joseph Palmer 6, Lindley Murray 6, Evelyn Jane 6, and Edwin Larkin 6, twins
5. Rebecca 5, born 1857, died 1874 (?), married W. C. McIntosh before her sister Frances did and lived only a few weeks (fifty-two days).
6. Laura Ann 5, born Feb. 20, 1861, died Aug. 24, 1904, married R. H. Ezell in 1883 and had five children: Vesta 6, Grace 6, Allman 6, Estelle 6, Georgia 6.
7. James Marion 5, born 1863, died, 1892, unmarried
8. George Washington 5, born Aug 3, 1865, died 1959, married Maude Rector and their children were: George Edward 6, Curtis 6, and Cletus 6, (twins) and Maude 6. He next married Emma Freeland and had two sons, Charles and Geo. W.
9. Edward Franklin 5, twin of George Washington 5, born Aug 3, 1865, died June 17, 1937, married Junia Hill in 1892 and had three children: Jerome Hill 6, Edward Barrett 6, and Junia Kathleen 6. He was married next to Martha Sh-walter and their children were Ruth 6, Dorothy 6, Winifred 6, & William 6.

After the death of his wife, Susan, on April 26, 1906, Joshua made his home in the winter with his son William in Frederick, Oklahoma and with his grandson, J. Lee 6 Zumwalt in Denton, Texas in the summer, in whose home he died May 14, 1911. He had a premonition of death, telling his relatives and friends he had come back to Denton to bid them good-bye. He died just two weeks later and was buried beside his wife in the old Oak Grove Methodist churchyard, ten miles east of Denton, Texas

The facts given above were obtained from the grandparents during their lifetime from the uncles and from papers used in D.A.R. history. Also from Houcks "History of Missouri", from general Will probated in Woodstock, Va., 1765 and from the family Bible, and was prepared and written by a granddaughter.

Sarah Elizabeth 6 Zumwalt
5846 Goliad Ave.
Dallas, Texas

May 1964

Lineage of Joshua 4 Zumwalt

Andrew 1 Z ---- & #2 w. Ann Regina ?
Christopher 2 Z & #1 w. Mary ?
Christopher 3 Z & #2 w. Elizabeth Keller
Joshua 4 Z ---- & Susan Chandler Mc Niel

Martha 5 Z
Elizabeth Frances 5 Z : W. C. McIntosh
Lewis Levi 5 Z ----- & Rachel Johnson Willis
William Larkin 5 Z -- & Jane Turner
Rebecca 5 Z ----- & W. C. McIntosh
Laura Ann 5 Z ----- & R. H. Ezell
James Marion 5 Z ---- & unmarried
George Washington 5 Z & #1 Maude Rector - #2 Emma Freeland
Edward Franklin 5 Z - & #1 Junia Hill
 #2 Martha Showalter

Lewis Levi 5 Zumwalt

My father, L. L. (Lewis Levi 5) Zumwalt the oldest son of Joshua and Susan McNeil Zumwalt was born February 1, 1851 in McKinney, Collin County, Texas. Later the same year his parents moved to the community of Little Elm in the eastern edge of Denton County, and in two or three years (about 1853 or '54) they moved to Denton, Denton County, Texas before it was incorporated as a town. (It is now a city of more than thirty thousand people with two State Universities!).

After the War Between the States the family moved to their farm in the Oak Grove Community ten miles east of Denton.

Lewis attended the one-teacher schools in the country and was an exceptional pupil. Having good teachers and several kinsmen who were well-educated, and having a very bright mind, he learned fast. Being studious he spent any leisure time he might have reading good books, studying mathematics and history, and practicing penmanship. A look at the old handwritten records in the county court house at Denton, Texas where he spent more than twenty years working in various offices shows that he was a fine penman. He taught himself algebra and double-entry bookkeeping, and while he was plowing a furrow in the field, he figured out a problem "in his head" and when he reached the end of a plowed row, he'd take a corn shuck and figure on it with a pencil to see if his answer was correct!

After teaching a few years at Brown's School house four miles southwest of Denton, he began serving as deputy county clerk and deputy district clerk of Denton County. In waiting on the court, he learned the law and became very good in its use, in fact so good that one of the best lawyers in Denton, Mr. Emory Smith, who was also a State Senator in the Texas Legislature, asked him to form a law partnership with him. Father told him that he did not have a license to practice law. Senator Smith said he would try the cases in court after Father prepared them!

When the district clerk's office was separated from the county clerk's, L.L. Zumwalt became the first District Clerk of Denton County in 1876 and served until 1884. He was a friend to all, colored as well as white. "Uncle" Zack Rawlins, the colored janitor at the court house had no better friend. Father was always helping the old and needy as shown by the following episode: Old "Grandma" Price a widow, had only one child, a son, with whom she lived. One day she came to see Father and asked him to help her get a place to live at the County Poor Farm. He said, "Why, Mrs. Price, you don't want to do that!" She told him she had nowhere else to go as her daughter-in-law had made her leave. He told her to go on out to his house and help Rachel (his wife) with the children until they worked something out.

Lewis had four brothers and four sisters; Martha 5, Elizabeth Frances 5, William Larkin 5, Rebecca 5, Laura Ann 5, and James Marion 5, and the twins George Washington 5 and Edward Franklin 5.

Four miles southwest of Denton lived a stockman named Leevaston Willis who had a daughter named Rachel and who came into Denton to board and attend school. Father met her and thought she was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen; hazel eyes, dark brown hair, rich olive skin and very small and dainty. He and Rachel were married at her father's home December 6, 1874. To them were born the following children in order of birth:

Nellie Obera 6 Zumwalt	born: February 7, 1876	died: November 29, 1876
Joshua Leevaston 6 Zumwalt	born: February 6, 1878	died: May 10, 1957

William Marvin 6 Zumwalt	born: June 18, 1881	died: May 3, 1883
Susan 6 Zumwalt	born: April 5, 1884	died:
Mary Lucinda 6 Zumwalt	born: July 5, 1886	died:
Sarah Elizabeth 6 Zumwalt	born: December 23, 1888	died:
Rachel Maude 6 Zumwalt	born: October 20, 1891	died:

All of them were born in Denton, Texas.

Only one of these children married: Rachel Maude 6 to George O'Kelley Hughes on November 24, 1914, son of an old Denton County family who lived in Sanger, Texas ten miles northwest of Denton. Three children were born to them:

A son who died at birth	born: June 1, 1918	died: June 1, 1918
George O'Kelley Hughes, Jr.	born: December 31, 1920	died:
Elizabeth Pierce 7 Hughes	born: August 28, 1927	died:

Maude's son, George graduated from Sanger High School and from Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. He married Betty Jane Higginbotham on July 12, 1947 and had two children,

George O'Kelly 8 Hughes III	born: May 23, 1955	died:
Amy Jane 8 Hughes	born: May 19, 1959	died:

Maude's daughter Elizabeth (Betty) graduated at Sanger High School, attended Ward-Belmont in Tenn. one year and graduated at Texas Women's University in Denton. (1948) She married James L. Anderson on June 16, 1951 and they have five children:

James Hampton 8 Anderson	born: September 1, 1954
Catherine Rachel 8 Anderson	born: December 19, 1956
Susan Rose 8 Anderson	born: February 21, 1960
Carol Leigh 8 Anderson	born: March 19, 1962
Sarah Hughes 8 Anderson	born: January 7, 1964

Lewis 5 Zumwalt's wife Rachel died December 21, 1891 and he died a few years later. Their little children were reared by the grandparents, Joshua 4 and Susan Zumwalt. Their grandfather Willis offered to take all five of them, but as he had married a second time, Grandmother Zumwalt said it was not right for a step-grandmother to take that responsibility. Father's brothers helped and we got along fine until Father's health failed. Even then we never wanted for anything. No children ever had a happier childhood than we.

After four years as an invalid, Lewis Levi 5 Zumwalt died at his parents home in Aubrey, Denton County, Texas, January 31, 1898. He was buried beside his wife in the Odd Fellows Cemetery at Denton, Texas.

The above was written by a daughter; Sarah Elizabeth 6 Zumwalt
5846 Goliad Ave.
Dallas, Texas

May 1964

Lineage of Lewis Levi 5 Zumwalt

Andrew 1 Z ---- & #2 w. Ann Regina
Christopher 2 Z & #1 w. Mary ?
Christopher 3 Z & Elizabeth Keller
Joshua 4 Z ---- & Susan Chandler Mc Niel
Lewis Levi 5 Z & Rachel Johnson Willis

Nellie Obera 6 Z
Joshua Leevaston 6 Z
William Marvin 6 Z
Susan 6 Z
Mary Lucinda 6 Z
Sarah Elizabeth 6 Z
Rachel Maude 6 Z --- & George O'Kelly Hughes

J. Lee 6 Zumwalt

The life of my brother, J. Lee 6 Zumwalt (Joshua Leevastin) was so full of good works and lived on such a high plain of honor and integrity that it is difficult to decide what to include or to leave out of the story.

He was barely twenty years old when we were left orphans, and my sisters, (three of them), and I being too young to take care of ourselves, lived with our grandparents until Lee established a home for us which he maintained throughout his life. Having promised our father he would take care of his sisters, he never faltered or complained in doing his duty as he saw it. If he ever felt it to be a burden, he never in any way indicated it. Quite the contrary, he was always happy to be with us and made a wonderful home. He saw that we had an education, and believed that a classical education should come before specialization.

J. Lee Zumwalt was born February 6, 1878 in the city of Denton, Denton County, Texas. His parents were Lewis Levi 5 Zumwalt and Rachel Johnson (Willis) Zumwalt who named him for his grandparents: Joshua 4 Zumwalt and Leevastin Willis.

He grew up with a great love for reading, history being his favorite subject. As a child he could always be found reading a good book and this continued as long as he lived. Any money he could spare was spent on books especially on Southern Literature and history. Each week he'd bring home three to six books from the public library, and the fine thing about his reading was, he could remember and tell what he had read! One of his highschool classmates said the pupils would slip down behind their desks when the teacher began to ask questions in history. When Lee was called on they'd sit up for they knew he would tell the whole lesson.

Sometimes his friends would go to a club meeting where a speaker would talk on the life and events of some historical character they had never heard about. They would mention it to Lee thinking he probably wouldn't know anything either. Usually he not only knew the facts they told but could go on and tell them more than the speaker had given!

Upon graduation from the Denton High School in 1896, at eighteen, he obtained a certificate and taught the Pilot Knob School the following winter, staying with his grandfather Willis who lived four miles southwest of Denton and just one mile from the school. They had great times discussing politics in which both were quite interested.

He had many good friends both young and old who loved him for his intellect and integrity. When he gave his word, it was never broken. This fine characteristic was inherited from both sides of the family, as his father, mother and both grandparents were all the soul of honor.

Like his Zumwalt ancestors, he was a Methodist in belief and belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

After serving as deputy County Clerk of Denton County (age 21) he resigned to attend the University of Texas (1900-1901) studying law, doing two years work in one. (He could not afford to go but one year, so he made the most of the opportunity!)

In December 1901 he was appointed County Clerk to fill an unexpired term, and in 1906 he ran for the office of County judge of Denton County which office he held for four years. Upon retiring from the office he took the State Bar examinations which permitted him to practice law and which vocation he followed throughout the remainder of his life. He never married.

While he was a natural born lawyer, he never quit studying and could hold his own with the best. In 1914 he was on the committee that wrote the city charter for the city of Denton which charter remained in force until a few years ago. He was granted permission to practice law before the Supreme Court of the United States.

In April 1915 he moved to Dallas, Texas and became a partner in the practice of law with Mr. Orus C. Ross. When Mr. Ross moved to Wichita Falls, Texas a few years later, Lee became associated with Mr. W. Gregory Hatcher who was State Treasurer of Texas in 1925, and who made the statement that he never saw a man of greater integrity than Lee.

As County Judge, he believe in following the law strictly when trying cases and in treating all persons, high and low, rich and poor, with courtesy and equal justice. He was never afraid to take a stand on any matter and in any disagreement with the county commissioners in settling a matter, he would say, "Let's vote, and put it in the record how we voted."

He took only civil cases in his practice, no criminal. Much of his practice in later life was as a consultant. No one could write a better brief and he did this regularly for several very able attorneys.

Early in life he became interested in the Masonic Lodge which he joined at the age of twenty-four. The following is a brief history of his Masonic work:

In Denton, Texas he took the first two degrees in 1902; was elected Junior Warden in 1903; Worshipful Master in 1904 and District Deputy of the Grand Lodge of Texas in 1906 and again in 1912. He joined the Royal Arch Chapter in 1904 and in 1905 he went in as a Charter member of the Knights Templar of Denton. He was a past master of Stanfield Lodge of Denton, No. 217.

When he made Dallas his home he entered into the work of the Masonic Lodge there and affiliated with Dallas Commandery #6 Knights Templar. In 1923 he led in the organization of George Washington Chapter #422 and was a Charter member. He held all offices at various times and had received all of the degrees of the Scottish Rite and of the Order of the Mystic Shrine. In 1933 he was elected Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Texas, Royal Arch Masons. He organized in 1946 the Knights of the York Cross of Honor, Texas Priory No. 23 and served as the first Eminent Prior and was treasurer of the organization at the time of his passing. In 1948 he organized and served as First Preceptor, Our Redeemer Tabernacle No. 9, Knights Templar Priests of Texas. He was Grand Orator of the Grand Chapter of Texas in 1943 and served as Texas Grand Chapter Representative to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia since 1947.

Along with his Masonic work he did a great deal of writing. He was author of The Ritual of the Super Excellent Masters Degree and wrote the first and last of the five acts of that degree of the Council. He also wrote the Constitution and Laws of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Texas, Revised, and had just completed in 1956 A Short History of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of Texas, 1881-1955, covering the last seventy-five of the Commandery's first one hundred years of existence. A little bulletin called The Triple Tau was published every month by the George Washington Chapter of which he was the editor for nine years.

He was a staunch supporter of the Home for Aged Masons near Arlington, Texas (between Fort Worth and Dallas), which is owned and operated by the Grand Chapter of Texas. Also the Masonic Home & School for children of deceased Masons at Fort Worth, Texas was something he took great pride in.

While he was a man of strong convictions, he never held it against anyone who differed with him. One of his good Jewish friends told us that he never saw a more tolerant man.

Always kind, jovial and witty, he had a fine disposition and he made (and kept) a host of devoted friends. Having a vast amount of knowledge on almost any subject, he made an interesting speaker whose services were often in demand. He made a special study of George Washington's life, as a public official and as a Mason. Music of the great Masters was his delight to hear.

In appreciation of the great work he had done over the years, the George Washington Chapter changed its name to the J. Lee Zumwalt Chapter, which action was authorized by the Grand Chapter of Texas at its yearly meeting in Waco, Texas, December 1957.

The wonderful life of our beloved brother came to a close in Dallas early in the morning, Friday, May 10, 1957 after a heart attack. He is buried beside his parents and little brother in the Odd Fellows Cemetery of his beloved city of Denton.

Written by his sister,

Sarah Elizabeth 6 Zumwalt
5846 Goliad Street
Dallas, Texas
September 1964

Lineage of Joshua Leevastin 6 Zumwalt

Andrew 1 Z ----- & #2 w. Ann Regina
Christopher 2 Z ---- & #1 w. Mary
Christopher 3 Z ---- & Elizabeth Keller
Joshua 4 Z ----- & Susan Chandler McNiel
Lewis Levi 5 Z ---- & Rachel Johnson Willis
Joshua Leevastin 6 Z

JAMES BROWN & ZUMWALT

James Brown & Zumwalt (Andrew 1 - John 2 - William 3) has the finest country residence in the county. This house and immediate surroundings makes the largest of our illustrations. The main building is 36 x 40 feet two stories high, with a hip roof and deck. It has eight large and airy rooms with lofty ceilings, four of them above and four below. The hall-ways are broad and the stairs have a very gradual and easy rise. This building is entirely surrounded by double porches, that protect it from the direct rays of the sun. Immediately in the rear of the main building and connected with it by the porch is an L 20 x 40 feet, one story high, containing a dining-room, kitchen, pantry, and bath-room. This building also in entirely surrounded by a broad porch. Good porches, and plenty of them are indispensable to comfort anywhere in the interior of California where the sun comes down with so much force during the summer. Mr. Zumwalt's porches added \$2,000 to the cost of his residence. The whole structure bears unmistakable evidence of good material, skillful workmanship, and painstaking thoroughness in every detail.

James Brown & Zumwalt was born in St. Charles, Missouri, July 11, 1832. His parents died when he was five years of age, at which time he went to live with an uncle in Palmyra, Missouri, who treated him with so much severity that he ran away. But the county afterwards appointed a guardian for him, who taught him the blacksmith trade, but who was afterwards killed by lightning.

Mr. James Brown & Zumwalt then went to Paris, Missouri, and remained two years with Mr. Enoch Wilson, until gold was discovered in California, when Dr. H. J. Glenn (recently married) of Colusa, and others, left Paris for gold mines. It was soon reported that they had made fortunes in the mines. Everybody else was crazy to go to California.

He was fitted out by J. C. Fox, a wealthy merchant of Paris, which place they left April 9, 1850, in company with Henry Davis, Mr. Wilson, and others, with ox-teams. They made the trip in about four months. At Carson City he and another young man left the train and walked the balance of the way, arriving, as miners say, "dead broke". He stopped first at Hangtown, Placerville, and engaged in blacksmithing, and mining. He continued mining at Gold Hill and other places in El Dorado County until 1855. He afterwards mined in Shasta County with fair success. He stayed in Shasta until 1857, when he took a trip east for six months.

In 1858 he left the mines and opened a blacksmith shop in Red Bluff until 1864, when he removed to Grand Island, Colusa County, where he bought land at \$1.25 per acre. He farmed there for fourteen years. He then sold this farm at \$50.00 per acre and removed to his Tulare farm. He came to this county in 1878 and engaged in farming and stock-raising.

His farm consists of 1,000 acres of rich sandy loam adapted to small grain, alfalfa, and fruit. It is located seven miles from the county seat, and near school and church. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs through the farm.

He has a small orchard, young, but it is doing well and some of the trees have made a remarkable growth. "We were shown", says the Register, "a seedling tree two years old that has a trunk three inches in diameter, and a top ten feet square, that is full of fruit. Twelve months from the day this tree came up through the ground it was in blossom, and bore fruit that season. We were also shown some Carolina poplars two years old that were grown from cuttings, that now measure from twenty to twenty-six inches in circumference." He keeps on the ranch about 80 head of cattle, 150 hogs, and 22 horses.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALBERT 6 COTTON

Albert T. 6 Cotton, who has one of the best residences in Tulare City, and represented among our views, was born in Will County, Illinois, in 1849. When but five years of age his parents started for the land of gold. Fitting themselves out with an ox-team and wagon in which they placed their household treasures, they bid good-bye to old associations, and joined a wagon train bound overland. The long and weary trip occupied six months, and just after they reached the line of the State, in Lake Valley, the father Alexander Cotton sickened and died. This occurred in the fall of 1854, when the family moved into, and settled in Sacramento County.

The most of young Cotton's time was spent in Sacramento County, until 1871, although he spent some time in El Dorado County during 1857 and 1858. Attended school in Alameda in 1859-60. Resided in Placerville in 1860-61. Went to New York in 1865, and spent one year. In 1871 he moved to Tulare County, and engaged in well-boring. In 1873 he opened a tin-shop in Tulare City, to which he has since added stoves and hardware and house furnishing goods, and is doing a good business.

In 1869 he married Miss Josephine Gregory, a native of California. They have three children, Willie, Fred, and Daisy Cotton.

LINEAGE OF ALBERT 6 COTTON

Andrew 1 Z ---- & #1 w. Mary ??
George 2 Z ---- & Mary ??
Jacob 3 Z ---- & Nancy Ann Spurgeon
Jacob 4 Z ---- & Susanna Kindle Smith
Nancy 5 Z ---- & #1 h. Alexander Cotton
Albert 6 Cotton & Josephine Gregory

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See Article #55 for further information on Albert Cotton

Dee 5 Zumwalt, early settler in Rio Grande Valley

My father, Dee 5 Zumwalt, was the youngest son of Ozela Jane Trail and James D. 4 Zumwalt. James D. 4 Zumwalt died just a month before my father was born, and many stories were told how all the family spoiled him while growing up. My father was the kindest and most gentle person I ever knew, but he was firm and we never questioned when he said no.

My mother was fifteen and dad twenty-one when they were married. In 1915 my grandmother died and dad and an older brother decided to move to Texas. I can remember leaving Missouri on April 10th, a tiny film of snow on the ground and snow in the air. On the morning of the 12th we awoke to another world of wild flowers blooming every where and a glow on dad's face to match. He never lost his love for the Rio Grande Valley, thru all the trouble we had.

The first summer was wonderful. Our first knowledge of trouble was when Mexican bandits wrecked the only train into the Valley. Afterwards we were warned by American soldiers to be on the watch all of the time. Then on September 2nd a young man, Earl Donaldson who had only recently come there from Missouri, came by our place and picked up his wagon to go to San Benito (ten miles away) to get a load of lumber. He had only been gone a short time when we heard shooting and could see smoke from a big fire of somekind. A car load of men came driving up and beckoned to dad to come to the gate. He went, my mother right behind him. If he was in danger she was there too. They only wanted to warn us to leave at once as a large band of bandits were nearing, threatening to kill any white person on sight. We called Fort Brown for help and left until the soldiers could get there from fifteen miles away.

Then as that was home we went back. I can remember hearing dad say to my uncle now, "Jack you concentrate on driving, I have a gun and I will take care of that part." We found Mr. Donaldson had been brutally murdered, also a man named Smith and they had captured a man, Stanley Dodd, who escaped. He told of threats of the bandits, what they intended to do to the people that were moving into the Valley.

This was new wild unsettled country, and the lawless element was not willing to give it up without a fight. Mr. Dodds told of an old Mexican cattleman named Maso who had barbecued a beef and had it ready for the bandits when they arrived. Maso and all of his possessions were deported to Mexico. It took one whole day and part of another to pass by our house. He had large conestoga wagons filled with the many families he employed, also herds of goats sheep and cattle (Texas Longhorns), hogs and all kinds of poultry, and many horses. The Soldiers stopped each wagon and each rider in front of our house and searched them, then sent them on their way to Brownsville and across the Rio Grande to Old Mexico, with orders never to return to the United States.

After September 2nd we had Soldiers stationed near. My father carried a gun to the fields. We were guarded as we went to school. My uncle calmly carried a gun into our Sunday School room, set it in a corner and proceeded with the duties of a Sunday School superintendent.

We had many adventures. We couldn't have a light at night. Each night for weeks my mother cried and wanted to go back to Missouri and dad was willing for her to go but when morning came she would stay 'one more day'. Mother would never leave without him this he knew well.

After the start of World War I, the soldiers were moved away and a new kind of life for all of the many newcomers who had come to the Valley to make their homes began.

Where the Soldiers were stationed now stands a large modern school, a Gym, and a modern cafeteria that mother, after dad's death in 1933, ably managed until ill health forced her to resign in 1951.

Dad lived to see the new Valley he loved so much bloom into a lovely farming area, free from the fear of the lawlessness of the early days.

From: Juanita 6 (Zumwalt) (Mrs. William C.) Stier
To: George R. Zumwalt

LINEAGE OF DEE 5 ZUMWALT

Andrew 1 Z ----- & #2 w. Ann Regina ??
John 2 Z ----- & Elizabeth Conrad
George 3 Z ----- & #1 w. Jemima Steele
James 4 Z ----- & #2 w. Ozela Jane Trail
Dee Z. 5 Z ----- & Minnie Broyles

Their children

Annie Juanita 6 Z ----- & William C. Stier
Lewis Howard 6 Z ----- & not married
Gwendolyn Blanche 6 Z ----- & James Henry Whitman
John D. 6 Z ----- & Pauline Taylor